

Cutter's Germ Free Blackleg Filtrate and Blackleg Tissue Aggressin The New, Safe and Efficient Agents for Protecting Calves from Blackleg.

Cutter's Blackleg Filtrate positively protects against Blackleg.

Cutter's Blackleg Aggressin, made directly from animal tissues, affords even greater protection and is recommended for Pure Breds.

Neither the Filtrate nor the Aggressin can possibly produce Blackleg in even the most susceptible animals since both are germ free.

Both have given 100% protection wherever used.

Prices—
10 dose pkge. Filtrate....\$2.00
50 " " " ".....8.00
100 " " " ".....15.00
10 dose pkge. Tissue Aggressin.....4.00

N. B.—Cutter's Filtrate (a "cultural product" aggressin) is full 5 c.c. to the dose, as we believe that smaller doses, whether concentrated or not, afford less protection.

Write for booklet telling what germ free vaccines are and wherein "cultural product" Aggressins differ from Cutter's Aggressin made from animal tissues.

While these new "germ free vaccines" have advantages that should be known to every stockraiser, we see no reason for a quick change to them by stockraisers who have had satisfactory results from the use of

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50 " " " ".....4.00
10 dose pkge. Double Pills 1.50
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"Well," I finally remarked, "I will not permit him to insult or affront Fred's family. We'll study the boy, and I will not speak of it again until you do, or until I am certain of our ground."

Fortunately, we always had treated the boy as an equal and invited his confidences, so there was little difficulty in learning his views and thoughts on various subjects. The discoveries I made were a revelation to me. They made me realize that, closely as we had watched and guarded the lad, our study of him had been superficial; but now that I studied him with a definite purpose, little was concealed. For more than a week I associated with him and his cousin as much as possible without arousing their suspicions, and drew them out on various subjects. The saving feature of my boy was that he showed little hesitation in speaking openly to me and giving me his opinions on the most delicate subjects—subjects indeed that caused his cousin to blush and stammer, and of which he knew little or nothing. I was doing much thinking, and I studied my wife closely to see whether she was observing the boy or not; for, after our rather heated curtain argument on the night of our arrival, neither had mentioned the subject. More than a week passed before she opened the subject. She waited until George had gone to his bedroom, and then remarked:

"Billy, I want to talk with you about George. I have been watching him, and I'm beginning to be ashamed of him. You'll have to take him in hand and talk to him. I'll not have him showing his contempt for Brother Fred's family and for the people around here the way he does."

"What has he been doing?" I asked. "What kind of a boy have you found him to be?"

"I'm ashamed to say it," she said, "but if you and I do not make him change his ways he'll soon be the kind of boy I wouldn't allow a daughter of mine associate with."

"I felt that way myself, at first," I told her; "but I have changed my views somewhat. What has he done to make you ashamed?"

"He considers himself a superior being," she answered. "He has low views regarding women. He scoffs at everything. To-day Fred's mother gave him a beautifully bound copy of the Declaration of Independence as a birthday gift, and when Fred started to read it George said: 'Cut out that George M. Cohan stuff. It's a hundred years behind the times.' He ought to be thrashed."

"It will not help to thrash him," I remarked. "It isn't his fault; it's ours."

"Ours?" she exclaimed indignantly. "We never taught him to laugh at religion and patriotism and look at a fresh young country girl as if he were staring at some Broadway walker."

"No," I admitted; "we didn't. Neither did we keep him from doing those things, nor show him wherein they were wrong. He is merely reflecting the things he sees and hears every day in the city, the things you and I and our friends say and do, the things he hears on the stage, sees on the street, and reads in the newspapers. He's a city boy."

"But he knows right from wrong. We've taught him; we've sent him to the best schools, and to church and Sunday school."

"Yes, and slept late Sunday morning ourselves," I argued. "The whole thing is that he sees so much bad that is accepted as a matter of course, and without protest, that bad and good are all alike to him."

We talked it over again until far into the night, and we decided to maintain silence, to correct him when a good object-lesson arose, to show him that there are things outside his own narrow life and views worth while—and why they are worth while. The one thing I feared, was arousing a spirit of resentment. I wanted him to see of his own accord. We agreed to adhere to the original program and bring the boys back to the city together. The next day I casually picked up the Declaration of Independence as we all sat in the living-room, and opened a discussion with Fred, intending to confine the conversation to the grown folks and have the boys as auditors. I spoke of the lofty sentiments and thoughts embodied in the Declaration, and asked Fred if he thought the same spirit existed among Americans of to-day as among those who signed that famous document. To my delight Fred took up the argument at once, voicing his

view that everywhere except in the great cities, the spirit of the signers was unchanged, except by modernization, and that even in the cities, although submerged under the veneer of false living, it was to be found. I observed that the boys, who had been playing some game, stopped and listened intently to our argument. In the midst of it my boy interrupted, saying freshly:

"Aw, say, Uncle Fred, that's old stuff! We aren't free and equal. We aren't even free. There aren't any United States: the Jews own it."

"It isn't the Jew, nor the money power, that threatens the United States," said his uncle; "it's boys like you, who think it's smart to repeat glib, fresh sayings like that, things they don't know nor understand, that threaten this country."

The rebuke stung. George turned scarlet, and pretty soon went to bed, shamed and set back, and I believed my first step toward bringing him to see himself as others saw him had been a longer one than I hoped.

The evening before we returned to Chicago I held a long talk with Fred and his wife, and explained to them the entire situation, asking their co-operation.

"I have noticed," I remarked, "that your boy at first seemed in danger of imitating his cousin, or rather of following his example, but that within a week he ceased doing so. I do not think there is any danger, so if you are willing to take the risk of having your boy contaminated by a month in the city with my boy and his friends, we'll try this thing out."

"The boy who never knows temptation isn't any good anyhow," said Fred. "I've faith in mine, not so much because he is any stronger morally than yours or any one else's, but because he seems to see things better."

"How do you account for it?" I inquired. "It's perspective, I think," remarked Fred. "We here in the country see the evils in city life that you are too close to see at all."

The month in the country had shown me much, but the revelation was nothing compared with that brought about by four weeks in Chicago. My wife and I were with the boys as much as we possibly could be. The eager expectancy of the country boy, his interest in everything he saw, his quickness in learning from observation, and his instinctive recoiling from evil interested us both. The attitude of my own son toward the things his cousin shrank from filled me with heart-sickness.

I do not desire to convey the idea that our boy was a wicked boy. He wasn't. He was just the average type of what we call the "upper middle-class" boy. He was merely tuned to the low moral tone of the city. Vice, to him, was not a monster of hideous mien. He had seen it from childhood, and, although he had not done so, he was arriving at the embracing stage. He scoffed at the idea of visiting the Lincoln Park Zoo when his cousin proposed it, declaring "only rules go there." He sneered at the proposal to go to the University of Chicago, which, he calmly stated, was "only a Jew-and-jay school where no one went. All the real folks go to Yale or Harvard." He admitted that he never had gone through the stock-yards, or the city hall, or the art museum. He didn't know where Armour Institute and Hull House are. In fact, in one week his country cousin knew more about the city, its condition, its institutions, and government than mine did. He read the papers, discussed happenings, made inquiries about various parts of the city, and one day went unattended to the public library, then to the Crerar, to look up some historical records and being unable to find them was directed to the Historical Society, and came late to dinner full of enthusiasm. Thinking it a good opportunity, I laughed and asked George where the Historical Society was. He did not know. Nor did he know where the Crerar was, but said the public library was that big building near the Illinois Central terminal. He never had been in it, nor seen its fine decorations and marbles.

"You two," I said to the boys, "show me the truth about a thing that has puzzled me for years, and that is why there are so few Chicago boys holding Chicago jobs. In our office there are seventy men, and I do not think two of them are natives. The evident reason is that the Chicago boy knows so much less about his own city than the country boy does that the country boy gets the job."

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